

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII, NO. 5400

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1902.

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For a HALF DOLLAR SHIRT they cannot be duplicated. Also our line of better SHIRTS are coming in every day. The \$1.50 line is very strong one; attached and detached cuffs.

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In all Grades and quality, SOFT AND STIFF CAPS for MEN and BOYS, all new. Also the celebrated

HAWES HAT,

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Farming Tools, Lawn Mowers, Mixed Paints, Oil and Varnish, Iron and Steel.

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LAWN - TENNIS OUTFITS

AT
A. P. Wendell & Co.'s
2 MARKET SQUARE.

BUILDING HARDWARE AND CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

Rider & Cotton,
65 MARKET STREET.

PRISONER SHOT.

Started To Run Away From
His Guard.

Latter Fired After Calling To
Him Six Times To Halt.

'Twas A Bad, Bad Man Whom Private
Dunn Killed.

Chicago, June 8.—"Bad," "Bad" Cain, a prisoner at Fort Sheridan, attempted to escape last evening and was shot and mortally wounded by the sentry over him. The man who did the shooting is Private Lawrence Dunn of the Twentieth infantry. He had ordered Cain and another prisoner to return to the guard house. Cain's companion obeyed, but Cain started in an opposite direction. Dunn could not go after him because he had another prisoner in charge. Six times he called to Cain to halt and finally when Cain started to run, Dunn shot him. Cain died within an hour. He was under a three years' sentence and had three months to serve. He was considered the bad man of the post and had been in much trouble.

VERY DULL PLACE.

"Nothing Doing" At Strike Headquarters in Wilkesbarre On Sunday.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 8.—The strike headquarters of the anthracite coal miners was a very dull place today and presented a deserted appearance. No mine workers were about the place, except President Mitchell and his secretary. All the others detailed from various parts of the coal fields had gone to their homes to pass Sunday. President Mitchell said he had nothing of importance to make public, adding that the information in his possession was of a satisfactory nature. Most of the general superintendents of the big coal companies were seen, and as a rule they had nothing to say on anything bearing on the strike. One superintendent admitted that many of the companies were scratching hard for good competent men to run their engines and pumps.

FOUL PLAY?

Finding Of Body Floating In Merrimac River Gives Rise To This Suspicion.

Manchester, June 8.—The finding of the body of an unknown man, with the head badly bruised, floating in the Merrimac river today, gave rise to a suspicion of foul play. The body has not been identified. It had evidently been in the water three or four days. The wounds are on the left side of the head and are very deep. One has laid the skull bare for several inches, and the bone beneath is crushed. A double thumb on the left hand will probably prove the means of identification.

THREE DROWNED.

Fourth Occupant Of The Boat Rescued By Crew Of A Sand Scow.

New York, June 8.—William Helfrich, nineteen, Alexander Wilson, twenty-one, and Maurice Silver, twenty-two, were drowned today in Long Island Sound, off Hunt's Point. With John Helfrich, a brother of William they were out in a small rowboat, when it capsized. John was rescued by the crew of a sand scow.

RACE RIOT.

Negro Down In Mississippi Writes A Letter Urging General Uprising Against The Whites.

Meridian, Miss., June 8.—News reached here late last night that a race riot at Marion, a small village on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, five miles north, is expected. The trouble has grown out of the finding of a letter from one negro to another, urging a general uprising against the whites of that section.

THE DISARMAMENT OF THE BOERS.

London, June 8.—The war office has received the following message from Lord Kitchener under today's date: The disarming of the Boers is proceeding satisfactorily and good spirit is displayed everywhere. 4342 rifles have been surrendered up to date. A despatch received by the Associated Press from Pretoria confirms the statement made by Lord Kitchener to the war office, and says that the whole staff of the late Transvaal gov-

ernment consisting of fifty men, surrendered last Friday.

FIRST LAUNCHING SINCE 1836.

Barge Merrill Given Into Old Ocean's Arms At Exeter.

Exeter, June 8.—The event of the year in shipping circles was the launching of the new barge Merrill yesterday afternoon on the lower Anderson wharves. The last previous launching of an Exeter built boat was in 1836, of a schooner inferior in size to the Merrill.

The novel event yesterday was witnessed by a crowd of people who lined the wharf and the shore. One of the happiest of attendants was Merrill Anderson, the young son of the owner, Henry W. Anderson, after whom the barge was named. The launching was most successful. Miss Helen Tufts christening the boat by strewing the deck with American beauty roses.

The barge was framed over a year ago and was allowed to season throughout last summer. It was built under the direction of Stewart Russell of Portland, Me., a shipbuilder of many years' experience. It is the largest and finest in any of the rivers in this vicinity. It is seventy-two feet long and will carry some 125 tons of coal, in other words being equal to the burden of several of the schooners that visit Exeter. It is made of the best of material and cost more than \$3000.

The barge was built by Mr. Anderson for river traffic, but it is now his intention to tow it with freight to Boston.

SUBDUED DEMONSTRATIONS.

London, June 8.—The noisy jubilation with which London responded last week was succeeded today by more subdued, although no less impressive, public demonstrations of thankfulness for the return of peace in South Africa. The thanksgiving services held in London today were typical of the services held throughout the empire. The presence of King Edward and the other members of the royal family at the principal devotional service in London and the progress of the royal personages to and from St. Paul's cathedral, through cheering thousands, gave Thanksgiving day an added feature of interest on this historic occasion.

BASEBALL.

National League.
No games were played in the National league on Sunday.

American League.

Detroit 2, Philadelphia 3; at Detroit, St. Louis 1, Boston 7; at St. Louis, Chicago 11, Washington 7; at Chicago, Cleveland 2, Baltimore 6; at Dayton, O.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the New Hampshire society, Sons of the American Revolution, will be held in Concord, at 11:15 a. m., June 14, assembling in the hall of the House of representatives at the state house. The business of the annual meeting will be followed by a historical address by Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., on "The Relations of New Hampshire and New Hampshire Men to the Battles of Lexington and Concord." Henry M. Baker will give an address on "The Relations of New Hampshire and New Hampshire Men to the Battle of Bunker Hill." Rear Admiral George E. Belknap has promised to be present and will be heard from. The banquet will be held at the Eagle hotel, at two o'clock p. m., June 14, "Flag day," the anniversary of the adoption of the national flag.

The vendor had about reached the limit of possibilities and was just shouting, "I am offered—dollars, gentlemen, 'tis your last chance. Do I hear—" He heard it. Whether at random on the spur of the moment or because his trained business habits worked quickly and could grasp possibilities in a second, Mr. Walker named the advance asked for and drove on. It was promptly knocked down to him.

In passing through Pleasant street his attention was attracted by a small crowd which had collected in front of the old engine house property there located. It had been abandoned and was being sold by the city at public auction.

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In place of the old engine house there is now a block of three stores, with offices above, and a few days ago Mr. Walker disposed of it to a Newburyport business man at a price which fully confirmed his opinion of the potential value of the property.

It is felt that such a man will not be

backward in doing something to improve and enhance his new holdings.

—Newburyport Correspondent Sunday Globe.

BIG HERRING HAUL.

From a big school of herring which suddenly appeared off Commercial wharf on Sunday afternoon, a number of local fishermen, quick to improve the rare opportunity, netted six or seven barrels of fish. This is a very unusual occurrence and is the more notable in view of the great difficulty experienced here of late in securing herring for bait.

Quite A Catch.

Fred Randall, the well-known hair dresser, while fishing off the third New Castle bridge on Sunday, hooked a cod-fish weighing fourteen and a half pounds, which he successfully landed.

A BIG AUTOMOBILE.

A party of automobileists, eight in number, came to this city from Malden Saturday, in the largest machine ever seen in Portsmouth. The big steam carriage was left at Stoddard's stable for nearly the entire day, where it attracted the attention of a good many curious ones. The machine is intended for touring, and differs entirely in construction from the large racing machines which have passed through Portsmouth from time to time. It will carry eight people comfortably.

TORPEDO BOATS SAIL.

The torpedo boats Craven and Dahlberg, under convoy of the United States tug Leyden, dropped down into the lower harbor early Sunday afternoon and about five o'clock left port for Newport, R. I.

YOUNG PORTSMOUTHS WIN.

Barely Defeated Young Manchester's By A Single Run.

The Young Portsmouth baseball team defeated the Young Manchester's at the Plains on Saturday, fifteen to fourteen, in a game which carried with it the junior championship of the state.

The game was played in a drizzling rain which made the ball slippery and hard to handle and rendered fast fielding almost impossible. There were a number of brilliant plays, however, and a number of others which were inexcusably bad. Frank Newick pitched for Portsmouth, and Looney was in the box for Manchester. Both pitchers were wild, and both received rather discouraging support. The visitors, it must be confessed, played a rather better fielding game than the locals, but their stick work was inferior.

Portsmouth won the game in the ninth inning, when, with the score fourteen to eleven in Manchester's favor, and two men out, the local players batted in four runs.

Pickard, the visiting short stop, played a brilliant game, and Kirvan, left fielder for the Young Portsmouth, made several remarkable catches and played an errorless game in the field. William Mitchell was the umpire.

The make up of the two teams was as follows: Young Portsmouths: Kirvan, left; Leahy, middle; Lambert, first; Lamond, second; Newick, pitcher; Poole, catcher; Carey, right; Randall, third; Truman, short; Young Manchester's: Lobby, catcher; Looney, pitcher; Bonner, first; Kane, third; Pickard, short; Freeman, second; Rockwell, left; McGinnis, middle; Kelley, right.

HOW HE CAME TO BUY.

The Johnson estate, at the corner of Green and Pleasant streets, has been sold to J. Albert Walker of Boston. That gentleman now owns the estate but one adjoining on Pleasant street, and that between is generally understood to be it not actually in, at least not far from his control.

This latest deal is arousing much interest, and people are looking for important changes in that quarter. There is no more favorable spot in this city for a large business block than this. It is diagonally opposite to the city hall and only a few hundred feet from the post office.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way" apparently, in Newburyport as elsewhere. Already a large business building is going up, still nearer the setting sun, in a district which has hitherto been almost wholly residential.

Mr. Walker is not connected with Newburyport except through his real estate holdings. His first introduction to the city was somewhat peculiar. At the time he was connected with the P. & R. coal company and located in Portsmouth, having business in this city one day he came over and having finished it was being driven to the depot.

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Another visitor was the famous actor, John Mason, who delighted a Portsmouth audience from Music hall stage last October. In this connection, the names of two other famous actors suggest themselves, those of William H. Crane and Robert Mantell. Mr. Crane played David Harum in this city last winter and Mr. Mantell gave us a splendid rendition of Cardinal Richelieu, early this spring.

A man famous in sporting annals is Charlie Nichols, the veteran baseball pitcher, who was here during the winter, the guest of Walter Woods, Portsmouth's own clever professional pitcher. Another well-known athlete is Beals Wright, the great tennis player, who was in this city for several weeks last summer.

Last March the Grafford club brought to Portsmouth another famous writer and platform speaker, in the person of Jacob Riis, who like Mr. Thompson-Seton lectured in Music hall, and delighted a large audience.

It was only a few weeks ago that the genial Mark Twain favored old Strawberry Bank by passing a night within its limits, and the great humorist will pass the summer within a few miles of us, at York Harbor, and will probably be in town every week or so during July and August. William D. Howells, who was in this city a little while ago, will pass the summer at Kittery, as he has done for the past two or three years.

The latest of Portsmouth's distinguished visitors was Admiral Schley and although his visit was a very brief one, he left behind an impression which will be a lasting one, of whole soul'd geniality.

This list begins with the name of one distinguished naval officer and closes with that of another. In the early fall, we shall probably have a famous sailor, Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N.

A GRACEFUL ACT.

Secretary Moody performed a graceful act when he issued instructions authorizing the senior officer at the scene of distress among the islands involved in the late outbreaks of Pelee and Soufriere to permit scientists aboard the vessels of the navy whenever their presence would not interfere with the work of rescue. Several applications had been made at the navy department by scientists who wished to note volcanic phenomena with a view to further work among the active volcanoes of the French West Indies.—Army and Navy Journal.

Solid comfort and the height of fashion can be combined in moderate priced shoes, but the fact remains that that is rarely done.

Too many manufacturers and dealers have the short sighted habit of sacrificing prestige for the sake of large profits.

Our profits are small. Our shoes reach the maximum of comfort and style. We buy from conscientious manufacturers.

We repair shoes cheaper than anybody in town.

Mens' Shoes Tapped. - - 35c.

Ladies' " " - - 30c.

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Mens' Hand Sewed Tapped, 75c.

The Best Rubber Heels, - 35c.

We use the best stock and first-class work done while you wait.

We have one of the Largest and Best Lighted Boot and Shoe Stores in the City.

DECLINED THE JAM.

REASONS WHY McWILLIAMS DECIDED TO FOREGO THE DAINTY.

It Was the Special Feature of a Banquet
Get Up to Entertain His Guests, but
He Could See the Kitchen From a
Window of His Room.

When a man has enthusiastically planned a hunting trip in the Rockies, inviting friends from London and Paris, and a slight mishap at the beginning threatens to spoil everything, he may be excused for adopting desperate measures. That was the position of McWilliams from New York. A mountain freshet had delayed his party at a half way house among the foothills of the Rockies. Lord So-and-so, considering himself a great hunter of the grizzly, seemed to think the elements had conspired against his own august personage. The German count fumed and fumed. The Frenchman, by asking questions that took all edge from the German's stories of prowess in the chase, increased the general irritation. Mutterings about "colonial savagery" came from the British member of parliament. The Indian guides hung about in disconsolate groups, while the valets bore the brunt of all ill humor. Unexpectedly taxed, the little half way house was in an uproar of confusion finding room and food for the unusual number of guests. McWilliams was not accountable for the irresponsible mountain stream, but he began to feel very uneasy about the outcome of his plans. When the other men chafed at the delay and grumbled over the accommodation and talked of turning back, he was in desperation. He appealed to the French Canadian and the half breed wife who kept the house.

"See here, Joe!" And McWilliams displayed a roll of bills. "You're to lay such a spread for the next few days as hungry men never before set eyes on."

"Oui, monsieur!" grunted the frontiersman, promising a feast that very night which was to include fresh salmon and prairie chicken and venison, with a rare French Canadian jam made only on the occasion of a birth or a marriage. This promise the Frenchman confirmed with a stout English oath and a kick at the Newfoundland pup.

Greatly relieved, McWilliams told his friends of the banquet in preparation, mentioning especially the jam. The announcement caused a perceptible clearing of glib expressions, and Mac withdrew to have a smoke over the dilemma. A savory smell that verified Joe's pledges steamed up to his room overlooking the back kitchen, and by and by the Frenchman and his dusky spouse carried out a huge iron pot between them. From the spicy odor rising McWilliams concluded the pot must contain the promised jam, and if the smell were any index, very good jam too. It stood in the yard cooling, and when the clumsy pup wabbled near Mac gave a hiss that sent the dog floundering off.

The dinner bell rang, and the sponsor for the party heard the others hurrying to the long, upholstered hall that did duty as dining room. Knocking the ashes from his pipe, he was about to join those below when a doleful chorus of repentant howls sounded from the back yard. After the manner of its kind that pup was bent on investigating the contents of the forbidden pot. Having shambled and sniffed closer and closer, the Newfoundland finally got his forepaws on the edge and leaped over. Then a long neck stretched down farther and farther toward the jam, till the wagging end of that dog's anatomy was overbalanced, and with a dull splash he tumbled in bodily. The squaw was on the scene in a second. If it had not been so serious, McWilliams would have laughed, but the mishap was now no laughing matter to him. The woman grabbed the squirming intruder by the scruff of the neck. Dripping with preserves, the howling animal was lifted out and held aloof. The dangling legs pawed the air, but the squaw relentlessly held on and carefully scraped every precious morsel of trickling jam down the soaked fur into the pot. Then, with an expletive that was neither Cree nor French, she plumped that pup on the strong instep of her mocassined foot and hoisted him high through parabolic space to a remote corner of the yard.

"Don't you dare serve!" roared McWilliams, but the squaw had darted back to the kitchen.

Now, as a man of honor, what was the proper course for McWilliams? Each discontented sportman had been consulted by the thought of that treat. The mere prospect of the banquet had allayed irritation. They were heaping curses enough on the food and accommodation of the half way house without this additional mishap becoming known. What should he do? He hesitated, and in hesitating, like many before him, was lost for as he was going down stairs with the purpose to do an indefinite something the jam was being served. The squaw had been in too great a hurry to place the delicacy before the guests, and every man of the crowd already had a lavish helping and was relishing the dainty along with venison.

"By Jove, McWilliams," exclaimed Lord So-and-so, "late to the feast with jam like this!"

"Bon!" pronounced the Frenchman between mouthfuls. "Tres bon."

"Gut!" echoed the German, for once agreeing with his adversary. Truly, thought the host, harmony is restored.

"Here's to Joseph's health for the treat and to success for the trip," said the British M. P., raising his glass.

"Amen!" responded McWilliams fervently. "There's nothing like that jam under the sun, but I'm afraid it's a little too rich for me."

"Zay," afterward inquired one valet of Lord So-and-so's man, "Master Vassal not take no sham?"

"Those blawsted Yankees," answered black buttons, "don't know a good thing when they see it." —New York Sun.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Victoria's Wedding Ring.
The man who made Queen Victoria's wedding ring is living in Philadelphia today.

"Ja, ja!" he nods when questioned about it. "I made it. I learned the trade in Germany."

He learned it well, too, and his hand has not yet lost its cunning, for he fills many orders from the large jewelers' firms in the city.

"But how did it happen that the commission was given to you?"

The old German took off his spectacles and with an effort called up the details of the event.

"I went over from Germany to England," he answered, "to a shop in London to work. So! It was a big place. One day the word came to make the queen's wedding ring. I had the specialty. I made all such rings, and so they gave it to me to do. That is all."

The wedding ring that signified Victoria's alliance with Prince Albert was one of the many instances of the queen's preference for richness and simplicity. It was quite plain and more solid than is usual in ordinary wedding rings.

During the marriage ceremony Prince Albert wore it on his own finger, and taking it off at the proper moment passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His grace handed it back to the prince, who placed it on his bride's finger. Thousands of eyes saw the gold band pass between the two royal personages, and at the same moment the cannon fired a royal salute, and all London knew that Victoria was married.

A pretty incident is related of the return to Buckingham palace. The queen left the cathedral ungloved, and whether by accident or design Prince Albert inclosed her majesty's hand in his own in such a way as to display the wedding ring to the best advantage. There were 20 miles of people who saw that wedding ring as Victoria drove back to Buckingham palace. And yet the German who made it mentions the fact as an unimportant incident of his life, and lives on contentedly in a little Philadelphia store. —Philadelphia Press.

Substantial Justice.

A few lawyers were sitting in one of the city restaurants a few days ago eating lunch and discussing different subjects when one of them told the following story:

This occurred some years ago in the office of a former justice of the peace.

An attorney, who has since left Sioux City, had been engaged to defend a man for the crime of petty larceny. The lawyer knew that the case against his client was a pretty strong one and he decided to board the lion in his den. As he entered the room he told the justice of the case, the name of his client and added he did not think there was any evidence to convict. At the same time he slipped a \$20 goldpiece in the hand of the justice and gave him a knowing wink.

The court said nothing, but, pulling open the cash drawer, slipped the money in.

The case went to trial, and after the evidence had all been introduced there

appeared to be no question of the guilt of the defendant.

But his counsel was confident, thinking the goldpiece had done the work. The court then summed up the case, and, to the astonishment of the defendant's counsel, said:

"The court finds the defendant guilty as charged in the information and fines him \$100, of which amount \$20 has been paid. The defendant will be committed to the county jail until the remainder is paid in to this court."

Nothing more was said, and the justice settled back in his chair, satisfied that the laws of the state had been upheld and a dishonest attorney had been left in the lurch. —Sioux City Journal.

It Killed Him.

"Speaking of passes," said an old legislator, "I recall once, when all of us were given an annual pass and our demands for passes for relatives were honored, how a member made the most of the privilege. He wrote a short note to the Central's Albany agent demanding a pass for himself and wife and two children over all lines from Albany to Los Angeles. Not receiving the passes as soon as he expected them, he wrote another letter declaring that he wanted those passes at once and no fooling about it, as he wished to use them now, not six months hence. For some reason his demand was honored, and he received the passes. Was he astonished or grateful? Not a bit. He held them for a week, and then sent them back with a note which read, 'Have these passes endorsed good for berths and meals.'

"The Albany agent duly transmitted the communication to President Depew's private secretary. The member waited awhile, and then he went for the Albany agent, who could only answer that he had duly dispatched the passes to headquarters. Another wait and then another wrathful demand from the new member for his passes. The Albany agent, to rid himself of the annoyance, sent a letter to headquarters detailing the new member's persistent demands. He received a reply which he duly turned over to his tormentor. It read, 'The man who opened that —— letter and read it fell dead, and no one can be induced to pick it up to see what it contains.' —Albany Argus.

Wasn't Familiar With the Word.

The post looked at the editor regretfully.

"Anyway," he said, "I should like your honest opinion of my lines."

The editor waved him away.

"My friend," he said, "I should prefer not to indulge in animadversion."

The poet's eyes sparkled.

"I can change it," he cried. "I can tame it. If you object to my mad version, as you call it, nothing would be easier than for me to domesticate it, to subdue it, to chain it with the tender garlands of poesy. I—"

But the editor hastily stopped him.

"Go," he said, "go and consult your unabridged."

And the humble poet drifted out. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LAMBTON WORM.

A Curious English Tradition That Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

The park and manor house of Lambton, belonging to the family of that name, the head of which is the Earl of Durham, lie on the bank of the river Wear to the north of Lumley. Early in the fourteenth century the heir, young John Lambton, was leading a dissolute life. Among his delinquencies was the custom of fishing on Sunday, and on one of these occasions, finding that his usual good fortune had deserted him, he gave way to temper and invoked curses upon the river, the land, the fish, himself, his luck and all that concerned him. Then he invoked the powers of evil to give him aid and success in one last cast of the rod. A great strain came upon the line, and, after a tremendous effort, he landed an immense and hideous looking worm, resembling an eel. This, in disgust, he threw into a well close by, where it grew with such marvelous rapidity as soon to fill it up with its body and limbs, and consequently it was able to scramble out. Then it made for a large rock in the center of the river, and, coiling its tail around it, made its headquarters by day, while at night it encircled a hill at a little distance from the river on the opposite bank. These are called respectively Wormwell and Wormhill to this day, and the latter is about a mile from Lambton Hall. From these, its coigns of vantage, it would raid the country round, making forays among the farmsteads, sucking the cows, worrying the cattle, eating the lambs and smaller fry, frightening men, women and children, and causing them to flee in terror for their lives. Thus it laid waste all the countryside, and soon reached the castle itself, where dwelt the old lord in solitary and gloomy grandeur, the hopeful hero having joined the Crusaders and set out for Palestine.

"About 14 years ago," said Mr. Leigh, "I was ordained to the curacy of Horfield, Bristol, where I was assistant chaplain to the barracks, and remained there two years. Before I definitely decided on a clerical career, however, I had successively tried the callings of auctioneer's clerk, tea merchant and schoolmaster. I was also private tutor for a short time before finally entering the Gloucester Theological college to read for orders. Being ordained, I threw my whole heart into my work and endeavored to forget the old love for the stage which had been with me since childhood."

"Did you ever, previous to taking orders, endeavor to 'get upon the stage'?" "Once only," was the reply, "and then I was actually offered an engagement, and, marvelous to relate, my heart failed me, and I refused it. I was 17 at the time, and I had the confidence to apply to Henry Irving (as he was then) for an engagement. He sent me to Mr. Blackmore, the agent, who procured me the offer of a part in Clarence Holt's 'New Babylon' company. However, as I say, my courage failed me, and I let the chance go by."

"After staying at Horfield for two years I became successively senior curate of Hammersmith parish church, curate in charge at Barley, Herts; senior curate of Cheshunt, Herts; vicar of Hitchin, Herts; senior curate of Broxbourne, N. W., and finally locum tenens at Hatfield, which position I held for nine months. I have married, baptized and buried hundreds of people and preached to many thousands. It was not from choice, but from sheer necessity, that I gave up my clerical work. I was suddenly and unexpectedly deprived of the private income I had hitherto enjoyed, being at the time in receipt of a net salary of £140 a year."

"This is the average salary of a curate in the church of England, and thus gives a man £2 13s. 10d. a week to maintain as a gentleman one of the most prominent and important positions in a parish. I had a wife and four children, and I say that out of this sum a man cannot keep himself and family, pay rent and taxes, to say nothing of the expenses of children's education, the little parochial subscriptions that are always cropping up and the occasional doles while visiting the poor of the parish. It cannot be done. The life of a father of a family under such conditions is a burden which he cannot support with success."

"On discovering that I was in the predicament I mentioned I wrote to a bishop in whose diocese I had worked for eight years, but to no practical avail. Of course his lordship's letter was kind and courteous, but he found it impossible to offer me a living. I found out, too, that most of the so-called 'good livings' in England require an incumbent with large private means. All the men under whom I have worked have been rich men, whose positions cost them far more than their livings produced."

"At the time of which I speak I wanted £200 a year—not an extravagant sum—and for some time I applied for numerous chaplaincies and appointments and answered advertisement after advertisement. The reply was always the same: 'Are you a married man and have you any private means?' After my answer to the effect that I had a wife and four children, but no private means, the correspondence ceased. Matters became worse and worse. Debt and difficulty encompassed me on every side, and when things were at their gloomiest I met Mr. J. A. Soudanore, who had been a fellow passenger with me on a trip to Norway some years before. On that occasion I had told him of my early longings for the stage, and when he learned that these aspirations still existed he offered me an engagement in his touring company. I jumped at it—without, however, any compensation. The four rings, however, of most historical interest were those presented by Pope Innocent to King John. The monarch was urged to note with extreme care the shape of the rings their number, color and matter. The number 4, being a square, typified firmness of mind, fixed steadfastly on the four cardinal virtues. The blue color of the amethyst denoted faith, the green of the emerald hope, the crimson of the ruby charity and the splendor of the topaz good works. The rings themselves represented eternity, with neither beginning nor end. Gold, which was the matter, and according to Solomon, the most precious of metals, signified wisdom, more to be desired than riches and power. —London Mail."

Bells in Jerusalem.

Turks and Jews as well as Christians, according to the *Kohlische Volkszeitung*, have been much excited by the sound of the three bells of the new Protestant church in Jerusalem. For several centuries the use of bells by the Christians in Palestine or elsewhere within the Ottoman empire had been prohibited by the great Turk, who has conceded it now, however, to his friend and ally, the evangelical German kaiser. In the *Theatre de la Turque*, published in 1888, it is said: "The Turks hate bells as a symbol of Christianity and do not permit even the Christians to use them. Only in a few remote mountain convents or in lonely islands where there are no resident Mohammedans is the use of a bell tolerated." —Westminster Gazette.

A Game For Two.

"Your neighbors have been talking about you."

"That's all right. They can't equal the things that I have been saying about them." —Brooklyn Life.

And the humble poet drifted out. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE LEFT THE CHURCH

AN ENGLISH CURATE TELLS WHY HE TURNED ACTOR.

He Couldn't Make \$1,000 a Year as a Preacher, and the Struggle to Maintain a Family and an Appearance on His Small Stipend Was Too Great to Bear.

The union between the church and the stage has been strengthened by a cleric in holy orders becoming an actor, the first instance on record.

The gentleman in question is Mr. Leighton Leigh. He assured a Mail representative that he very strongly objects to be told he has "forsaken" the church for the stage. The severance of his connection with the establishment was not voluntary, but compulsory. His orders are still retained, which is not the case if an ordained priest deliberately quits the church of his own accord.

Mr. Leigh, according to his own statement, was driven out of the church by the struggle to make a decent appearance and keep up a position in the parish on an absurdly insufficient stipend.

"About 14 years ago," said Mr. Leigh, "I was ordained to the curacy of Horfield, Bristol, where I was assistant chaplain to the barracks, and remained there two years. Before I definitely decided on a clerical career, however, I had successively tried the callings of auctioneer's clerk, tea merchant and schoolmaster. I was also private tutor for a short time before finally entering the Gloucester Theological college to read for orders. Being ordained, I threw my whole heart into my work and endeavored to forget the old love for the stage which had been with me since childhood."

"Did you ever, previous to taking orders, endeavor to 'get upon the stage'?" "Once only," was the reply, "and then I was actually offered an engagement, and, marvelous to relate, my heart failed me, and I refused it. I was 17 at the time, and I had the confidence to apply to Henry Irving (as he was then) for an engagement. He sent me to Mr. Blackmore, the agent, who procured me the offer of a part in Clarence Holt's 'New Babylon' company. However, as I say, my courage failed me, and I let the chance go by."

"After staying at Horfield for two years I became successively senior curate of Hammersmith parish church, curate in charge at Barley, Herts; senior curate of Cheshunt, Herts; vicar of Hitchin, Herts; senior curate of Broxbourne, N. W., and finally locum tenens at Hatfield, which position I held for nine months. I have married, baptized and buried hundreds of people and preached to many thousands. It was not from choice, but from sheer necessity, that I gave up my clerical work. I was suddenly and unexpectedly deprived of the private income I had hitherto enjoyed, being at the time in receipt of a net salary of £140 a year."

"This is the average salary of a curate in the church of England, and thus gives a man £2 13s. 10d. a week to maintain as a gentleman one of the most prominent and important positions in a parish. I had a wife and four children, and I say that out of this sum a man cannot keep himself and family, pay rent and taxes, to say nothing of the expenses of children's education, the little parochial subscriptions that are always cropping up and the occasional doles while visiting the poor of the parish. It cannot be done. The life of a father of a family under such conditions is a burden which he cannot support with success."

"On discovering that I was in the predicament I mentioned I wrote to a bishop in whose diocese I had worked for eight years, but to no practical avail. Of course his lordship's letter was kind and courteous, but he found it impossible to offer me a living. I found out, too, that most of the so-called 'good livings' in England require an incumbent with large private means. All the men under whom I have worked have been rich men, whose positions cost them far more than their livings produced."

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TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
**Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories**
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER



now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St. Telephone 24.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,

BOTTLES OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer
Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Straw
berry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and
Soda Water in syphons for hotel and
family use. Fountains charged at
short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee
Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream
and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from friends and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

16 Bow Street Portsmouth

BLACKSMITH.

Horse Shoeing, Ship Work, Carriage and Tool
Work of All Kinds Promptly Attended To.

We Make a Specialty in Sharpening Stone
Tools. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,

BLACKSMITH,

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

THE PRICE OF BEEF?

Dealers Say There'll Be No Reduction For 12 Months.

Lack Of Domestic Supply Given As One Cause Of Scarcity.

High Price Of Grain Cause Of The Shortage In A Measure.

There will be no reduction in the price of beef for at least a year. That is what some of the meat dealers said on Friday in describing the situation in this section. They would not vouch for the situation elsewhere, but as they travel all over this territory for domestic beef they are fully acquainted with the conditions here.

When one of the butchers was asked whether his statement regarding the continued high price of beef for a year referred to the western as well as the domestic beef, he replied that all beef will be high, adding that domestic beef will increase in price, if anything, and that while there may be a slight drop in the retail price of western beef in the fall, it will be for only a short time.

One of these dealers who knows the domestic beef market like a book said, after declaring the supply of domestic beef has fallen off more than a half in a short time:

"There are reasons for this state of affairs as there are for all things. In the first place the farmers have almost entirely given up raising oxen. Ten years ago almost every farmer had at least one fine pair of oxen, many had several good yokes and one or more yokes of inferior animals which they were all the time raising for farm work purposes. Even five years ago there were plenty of oxen in the country and today the yokes of oxen could be almost counted on your fingers.

This doing away with the oxen has naturally made the domestic beef supply rapidly diminish and is one of the great reasons for the present beef famine in this vicinity. Aside from the fact that the giving up of oxen for farm purposes has made the purchase of phosphates for manure necessary and farming more expensive, it has taken the best class of beef for food away and made it possible for western beef to secure the reputation of being the best.

"Then again, last year grain was very high and the farmers did not try to make beef. At that time there had been no great demand for domestic beef; it was then selling for the lowest price these farmers had ever known and they could not see where it would be to their advantage to pay high prices for grain under those circumstances. Had it been possible for them to have looked into the future they would have bought grain at twice the high price and fattened all the beef possible. But they did not do this, and the result is that only a few beef creatures are to be had now.

"So great is the demand that almost anything is bought to kill, two-year-old cows and all else. We are glad to buy most anything today so great is the demand and so small the supply, creatures that a few years ago we would not even look at, go now for gilt edge prices.

"I tell you the prospects for domestic beef for the coming year are dark, very dark. This has made another bad feature and that is as to pasture. Everything in the shape of beef is being killed off so rapidly that this year acres and acres of good pasture will go to waste for the very want of some sort of live stock to put them in. I cannot begin to name the good pastures where there will not be enough live stock in them to keep the grass down.

"Of course we call local beef anything that is killed in New England. Beef that is at all good is coming now from New Hampshire and Vermont if the farmers know their business they will proceed at once to raise cattle for the beef. This cannot be done at once, of course, but if they direct their attention to beef raising they will find it will pay them better another summer than their best hay crops."

Another dealer said: "There is not much beef at any price and not half enough of the domestic to supply the market for that sort of beef. We cannot find half as much domestic beef to buy either, even when we scour the country for scores of miles on very hand more thoroughly than ever before.

The high price of grain and other cattle foods last year has been the cause of the shortage in a great measure. Western beef today is selling at \$7.50 a hundred, the highest price paid for beef in ten years. It is the same with domestic beef. A good cow will sell for five cents a pound on the hoof, that is alive, and 9 cents a pound dressed.

"There have been stories to the effect that local marketmen could not buy domestic beef for fear the so-called beef trust would shut them off from their supply of western meats. This is not so; any man with the price can buy domestic or western beef or beef that may for sale from any point in the compass. We are not getting the best western beef, however. The very best western beef goes to New York and the larger cities and it is the second grade which is shipped on to Portsmouth and other places in the east outside the large cities.

"In comparison with the western beef the domestic variety is not quite as thick and heavy as far as its eating qualities go, and the nourishment is probably the same. The western cattle, however, are what we term long fed, that is, they are fed much longer for beef before they are killed than are the cattle here, which makes the meat from the west heavier and thicker.

"It will surely be another year be-

fore there will be the least reduction in the price of domestic beef, and if there is in western beef, it will be for only a little while, probably during the autumn. Beef is up to stay at least another twelve months.

"People do not stop to think when they growl over the high price of meat, that a year ago it was selling cheaper than ever in the history of the country. If beef is unusually high now, it certainly was unusually low a little while ago. Why, I remember that as high a \$15 a hundred for beef was paid just after the war, which is twice what it costs now. We used to not only pay twice as much for beef then, but we paid twenty cents for round hog, while today it is only 11 cents. This is a side of the beef situation not all the people have stopped to consider."

LITTLE TALES.

Andrew Carnegie is not often a visitor to Wall street, and when he went down there a few weeks ago he passed unobserved down the famous thoroughfare, right into the arms of a runner for a bucket shop. "Come to put up a little money on the rise of the market?" asked the runner. "Sure thing, can't lose. Stocks are going up. I'll show you where you can double your money in half an hour." "Double all I have?" asked Mr. Carnegie, assuming an air of eager innocence. "How much've you got?" inquired the runner. "Oh, a little less than \$175,000,000," replied the canny Scotsmen simply. "Wh-what?" gasped the man. "But I am trying to get rid of it, not double it," went on the ironmaster. "Why, are you Andrew Carnegie?" asked the runner. "I am," said he, going on and chuckling quietly to himself.

"Force" has become a popular breakfast food. The head of the house was sent out to the grocery to get a package the other day. The name had slipped a cog in his mental machinery. He remembered that it was something to do with energy, so he asked for a package of "Push." It didn't take the grocery man long, however, to guess what he meant.

A Washington correspondent writes: The senate naval committee was considering private bills and finally one was reached which provided for the retirement of Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac. It is generally believed that Mr. Hobson wants to get out of the navy so he can mingle in politics, and for that reason there is more or less objection to his retirement on three-quarters pay, as he might prove a disturbing element in Alabama. Mr. Hobson was present at the committee meeting with an armful of reports that had been made by navy officials regarding his case.

"What is the matter with you?" Chairman Hale asked the man who went into Santiago and got kissed by the girls for so doing.

"I am suffering from compound hypermetropic astigmatism, retinal hyperaemia and trachoma," replied the naval officer.

"Gracious!" ejaculated Senator Gallinger, "have you got all that the matter with you and still live to tell it to the committee?"

Hobson nodded.

"Then, Mr. Chairman," Mr. Gallinger said, "I move that the bill be reported favorably. I do not know exactly what Mr. Hobson has got, but surely it is enough."

The rest of the committee agreed with the New Hampshire statesman and Hobson left the committee room without once referring to his voluminous reports.

ON THE DIAMOND.

The college base ball season is nearly over.

Manchester is beginning to make a runaway of the New England league race.

The University of Illinois team defeated the University of Pennsylvania on Saturday, eleven to six.

The Marines want a game with the Maplewoods at the Plains soon and they will probably be accommodated.

A fatal base on balls by Dineen allowed St. Louis to defeat Boston in American league contest on Saturday.

The Young Maplewoods played at Dover Point on Saturday afternoon, and were defeated, eight to six, in six innings.

The Boston American team which was in first place on Thursday, dropped to third, Saturday, as a result of losing two games.

Princeton won the second game of the Yale series, on Saturday, by a score of eight to five. The third and deciding game will be played next Saturday.

Tilley caught for the Father Matthews team of Dover against the North Berwick at North Berwick on Saturday afternoon and showed up well behind the bat and with the stick. His team was defeated, however, ten to eight, in an eight inning game.

The University of Maine won the championship of the Maine Inter-collegiate Athletic association, by virtue of their victory over Bates, on Saturday. Mitchell, who was in the box for the winning team, had considerably the better of the pitching argument with the redoubtable Towne.

BUZZELL VERY SICK.

Charles E. Buzzell of Barrington, who so mysteriously disappeared from this city several weeks ago and who was afterwards found in Brunswick, Me., where he had wandered aimlessly, not knowing his own identity, is today reported as being critically ill at his home in Barrington. Dr. Ward, the family physician, has been attending Mr. Buzzell ever since his return. Yesterday Dr. M. B. Sullivan of this city was called on the case for consultation. The doctor would not discuss the case, but said that Mr. Buzzell was a very sick man.—Dover Democrat, 7th inst.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the gums, allays all pain, cures wind, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, twenty cents a bottle.

CIRCUS TIME AGAIN.

It is circus time. Perhaps this means little or nothing to you now. If it doesn't, you are entitled to sympathy. All of us arrive some day at those dreary places in the journey of life, when the serious phases of existence, when the affliction of weakness of the kidneys and auxiliary organs, the mother's lot is far from a happy one. This condition can be quickly changed and absolutely cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. When this is known the mother's burden will be lighter and her home happier.

Mrs. A. G. Macs of 12 Madison street, says:—"My little girl had weak kidneys. I believe she inherited the complaint. Her trouble was non-retention of the kidney secretions. I employed physicians and used many remedies advertised but until I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy, nothing did her any good. They helped her so much and gave such relief to the child that I am very grateful for having my attention drawn to them."

For sale by all dealers: price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

FAMILY CARES.

This Information May Be of Value to Many a Mother in Portsmouth.

When there is added to the many cares inseparable from the rearing of children that affliction of weakness of the kidneys and auxiliary organs, the mother's lot is far from a happy one. This condition can be quickly changed and absolutely cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. When this is known the mother's burden will be lighter and her home happier.

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W. E. Paul RANGES

PARLOR STOVES KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a First-class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Whirlers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c counters.

Please consider that in this line will be found some of the Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Goods.

39 to 45 Market Street

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER Open the Entire Year.

FAVORITE STOPPING PLACE FOR PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE.

If you are on a pleasure drive you will not fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.

OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW, HAMPTON BEACH,

Where you get the famous

FISH DINNERS.

Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.

JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

ALSO

Reading and Wilkesbarre Coals

Best Preparation Obtainable
In This City.

187 MARKET ST.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other

Public Works,

And has received the commendation of the

best engineers and consumers generally.

Persons wanting cement should not be

surprised. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY:

JOHN H. BROOKTON

THE Underwood Typewriter

Portsmouth Electric Railway.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—8:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:50, a. m. 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00, a. m. 2:21, 5:00, p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m. 2:45, 6:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m. 8:55, p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m. 2:45, 6:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m. 2:45, 6:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For North Conway—9:55, a. m. 2:45, p. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m. 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m. 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.

For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m. 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, 8:55, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:48, a. m. 8:57, p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:50, a. m. 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m. 5:00, p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m. 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m. 6:40, 7:00, p. m.

Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m. 12:45, 6:00, p. m. Sunday, 2:00, a. m. 12:45, p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m. 4:15, p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:18, 9:47, a. m. 8:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:22, 10:00, a. m. 4:05, 6:39, p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m. 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 7:30, a. m. 9:25, p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m. 2:18, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06, a. m. 8:09, p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55, a. m. 2:19, 5:06, 6:21, p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12, a. m. 8:16, p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m. 12:01 2:26, 6:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18, a. m. 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations: or Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a. m. 12:45, 5:25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8:39, a. m. 12:54 5:33, p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m. 1:07, 6:58, p. m.

Epping—9:22, a. m. 1:21, 6:14, p. m.

Raymond—9:32, a. m. 1:32, 6:25, p. m.

Returning leave

Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m. 3:30, p. m.

Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m. 4:20 p. m.

Raymond—9:10, 11:48, a. m. 5:02, p. m.

Epping—8:32, a. m. 12:00, p. m. 5:11 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m. 12:17, 5:55, p. m.

Greenland Village—10:01, a. m. 12:24 6:08, p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

York Harbor & Beach R. R.

Leave Portsmouth 7:50, 10:50 a. m. 2:50, 5:00 p. m.

Leave York Beach 6:25, 10:00 a. m. 1:30, 4:05 p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Take the Joy Line

TO

NEW YORK.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

DELIGHTFUL

Short Sea

Trip

From London, New York, via

Through the Sound by Daylight,

\$3.00

Including North in Waterfront.

Ideal Tourist

Route.

\$3.50

And Trip.

Two Routes.

\$3.00

Including North in Waterfront.

Ideal Tourist

Route.

\$3.50

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Including North in Waterfront.

Ideal Tourist

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
JUNE 9.SUN RISES.....4:37 MOON SETS...10:13 P. M.
SUN SETS.....7:39 FULL SEA...01:46 P. M.
LENTH OF DAY...15:12First Quarter, June 12th, 6h. 45m., evening, W.
Full Moon, June 20th, 9h. 15m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, June 25th, 4h. 52m., evening, W.
New Moon, July 3rd, 7h. 50m., morning, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, June 8.—Forecast for New England: Fair and cool, Monday, fresh to brisk northwest to north winds; Tuesday fair, warmer in west portions.

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

Syringes are in bloom.
Painters are kept hustling.
Graduation days are not far off.
The country never looked prettier.
It will soon be time for pond lilies.
The tide was exceedingly high on Sunday.

Building operations are exceedingly active.
The epidemic of measles seems to be subsiding.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Compare the Herald with other evening papers.

Brentwood's Old Home day will be celebrated on Thursday, Aug. 21.

The schooner Robert W., is lying at Walker's wharf, loaded with granite.

Overcoats were not uncomfortable last evening—and heavy ones at that.

Those who visited the beach on Sunday found it very cold and disagreeable.

But a week more and the state militia boys will be in camp at Concord.

The old Welch bakery on Hanover street has been reopened by Boston bakers.

Several of Sweetser's plumbers are at work at the Sea View house, at Rye Beach.

The graduation class of the High school will receive their tickets to-day, Sunday.

The steamer Charles F. Mayer and large Pemberton are discharging coal at Walker's wharf.

Laerie D. Britton is still improving and his physician is in hopes to have him out again in a few days.

Advertising car number two of the Forpeagh and Sells Brothers' show arrived here on Sunday morning.

A gang of Boston & Maine section hands worked Sunday in relaying rails near the Vaughan street crossing.

Arrived Saturday, large Pemberton, from Philadelphia, with 1162 tons of coal for J. A. and A. W. Walker.

Percy Pendallow of this city has been elected captain of the Harvard lacrosse team for the season of 1903.

The sudden shower of Sunday afternoon prevented many people from making proposed trips to the beaches.

Engine No. 584 hauling a freight train of thirty-five cars passed through the Portsmouth station this morning.

The streets were generously strewn with dead limbs, blown from the trees by the strong wind of yesterday afternoon.

The new baggage room at the depot will be opened with the beginning of the summer schedule on Monday, June 23.

The northwest wind which sprang up just after the shower on Sunday afternoon, brought with it a decided suggestion of March.

Even the eldest inhabitant cannot remember when it rained any harder than it did for about five minutes on Sunday afternoon.

The bicyclists who persist in riding about the walks in Haven park will find it costly sport if caught by Park Keeper Norman.

Preparations are being made to put the "rookies" through an unusually severe course of sprouts at the state encampment this year.

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

The Marshall house at York Harbor will open about June 20. Proprietor Marshall reports excellent prospects for a prosperous season.

Hiram Hayes went to Boston this morning and will return with ten Polish laborers, who are at work on his farm on the Greenland road.

Husband—Now, dear, just as soon as you arrive you must telegraph.

Wife—All right. How much shall I telegraph for?—Stray Stories.

Members of the Portsmouth Yacht club are planning for a club run to the Isles of Shoals on Saturday, June 21, the fleet to remain at the islands until Sunday afternoon.

A well-known real estate dealer says that the volume of business in his particular line has been greater this spring than it was for the whole of last year.

Everybody liable to inflicting piles, Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure: Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

An accident to the locomotive on the northern division of the Boston & Maine railroad this morning delayed the train an hour and a half between Rochester and Somersworth.

On Wednesday next Bishop Bradley will observe the eighteenth year of his consecration as bishop of the New Hampshire diocese. He was elevated to the bishopric on June 11, 1884.

Extensive repairs are being made to the city's stone crushing plant on South street. The boiler is being retubed and the machinery overhauled.

Special meeting of the common council this evening to consider the appropriation bill.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Piscataqua River Adds One More To Its Already Long List.

Paul Castello, A Stone Cutter, Drowned Near Portsmouth Bridge.

His Wife And Child And A Friend, Who Were In The Boat With Him, Are Rescued.

Portsmouth bridge is once more responsible for a drowning accident which occurred near that spot on Sunday.

As a result of attempting to pass through one of the narrow arches of the bridge, with the tide running strongly up the river, Paul Castello, an Italian stone cutter, who has been employed in the stone shed on the dry dock, lies at the bottom of the Piscataqua. His young wife and infant child, and another stone cutter, Joseph Muttli, who were with him in the boat, narrowly escaped the same fate.

Castello was taking his wife and child for a sail and had invited Muttli to make one of the party. According to the story told by the survivor of the accident, they started out from the navy yard, landing at the foot of Daniel street, and taking advantage of the tide, sailed up the river.

All went well until the party reached the Boston and Maine railroad bridge, where Castello, heedless of Muttli's warnings, attempted to go through one of the narrower arches. The attempt was a failure, and the boat ran squarely against two of the supporting struts of the bridge.

The craft tipped dangerously, and three Castello into the river. Muttli and Mrs. Castello caught hold of the struts, and the latter placed her foot on the child, thereby preventing it from falling into the water also.

Castello got one hand on the gunwale of the boat and attempted to climb into it. His wife grasped his hand and did all in her power to help him. Muttli was not in a position to render aid. The current was too strong, however, and Castello's hand was torn from his wife's grasp, and he was borne rapidly up the river. He made an unavailing effort to swim and soon sank.

The three people in the boat were in a decidedly perilous position, and if help had not come just as it did, all three would have undoubtedly shared Castello's fate.

Three young men, Fred Bartolo, Donald McPhail, and Robert Ducker, who were among those attracted to the spot by the frenzied cries of Muttli and Mrs. Castello, succeeded after several efforts in reaching the party, and carrying them to a place of safety.

Castello and his family have been lodgings with Martin Hoyt on School street, but as the keys to their rooms were in the man's pockets, the bereaved wife, with her child, was taken to the home of a friend, Mrs. Kennedy, who lives at No. 2 Webster court.

It was here that she was seen by Officer Quinn and a representative of the Herald. The poor woman was frantic with grief and begged pitifully for one ray of hope. She was not at that time fully assured that her husband was dead and it was the unpleasant duty of the officer and the reporter to assure her of the certainty of her fears.

Mrs. Castello is a comely young woman, about twenty-four years of age. Her husband, although a native of Italy, has been in the United States for over fifteen years, and was an industrious and fairly well-educated man. Those who were acquainted with him speak of him in the highest terms. Since last October he has been employed on the dry dock.

Mrs. Castello's position is a pitiful one. The loss of her husband, especially in such a manner, must come as a fearful blow to her, and in addition, all Castello's ready money was in his clothing, and for the present she is penniless. Her husband has some wages due him, however, from the John Pierce company, his employers, and the money will of course be turned over to his wife.

Mrs. Castello attributes her ill fortune to the fact that a curse was laid upon her by her mother at the time of her marriage. Her family, she said, did not like her husband, presumably because of his nationality, but she herself was evidently very fond of him. Her grief when she was told that he had unquestionably been lost, and that his body had not yet been recovered was heartrending, and those upon whom it had fallen to be the bearers of the news, were glad to make their escape as soon as possible.

Mrs. Castello says that her home is in Revere, Mass., and her relatives have been informed of her misfortune by telegraph.

Muttli was seen on the street early this afternoon. He speaks the most broken of English and it was hard

PERSONALS.

George F. Preble of York was in town today.

Mrs. Hazen S. Cotton is visiting in Falmouth.

Mrs. William P. Israel is at Alton Bay for the season.

City Treasurer W. Kirk Chadwick of Dover was a visitor here on Sunday.

Capt. J. M. Smith is reported as being quite ill at his home on Sagamore road.

Miss Edith Dutton of Dover was the guest of friends in this city on Sunday.

Editor E. D. Twombly, of the York Courant Transcript was a visitor in town today.

Charles L. Pope of Dover was in this city this morning, on his way to York Beach.

Edward F. Welch has accepted a position with Cottrell & Walsh, Penhallock street.

Walter Woods of the Jersey City baseball team passed Sunday at his home in this city.

Miss Annie Sullivan returned on Sunday evening from a visit with friends in Boston.

Miss Marion Welsh of Brookline, Mass., is the guest of Miss Lulu B. Randall of Highland street.

Mrs. James De Normandie of Roxbury, is the guest of Mrs. Susan J. Wentworth of Pleasant street.

Mrs. H. C. Hopkins and family are to leave town soon for Malden, Mass., where they will permanently reside.

Miss Lilian C. Jones of Roxbury has been passing a week as the guest of Miss Florence Drew of Newington.

Charles A. Payne went to Lynn, Mass., this morning, to take a position with the General Electric company in that city.

Miss Beatrice Hill of State street is passing a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, of the Derby house, Boston.

Little Phyllis Phillips of New York city is passing the summer here as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John W. Kelley, Middle street.

G. E. Merrill, manager of the local office of the Postal Telegraph company, passed Sunday at his former home in South Berwick.

Miss Fosburgh of Wellesley College and eight of her classmates passed Sunday in this city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Fosburgh, Court street.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Morton are spending a few weeks at their cottage, "Lake View," at Alton Bay, where Mr. Morton is rapidly regaining health and strength.

B. H. Anglin, malster at the Frank Jones brewery, leaves for New York today, Monday, and next Saturday he will sail for London, England.

The union bricklayers protested so vigorously against the continued employment of the three plasterers that the latter gave notice of their intention to quit work, but Superintendent Duncan, according to the story told by the strikers, insisted upon their remaining, and said that the union men refused to do so.

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